JOAN's Ale is New; OR:

A new merry Medly, ſhewing the power, the ſtrength, the operation, and the vertue that remains in good Ale, which is accounted the Mother-drink of *England*.

All you that do this merry Ditty view,
Taſte of *Joan's* Ale, for it is ſtrong and new.
To a pleaſant New Northern Tune.

There was a jovial Tinker,
Which was a good Ale-drinker,
He never was a ſhrinker,
believe me this is true,
And he came from the wild of Kent.
When all his money was gone and ſpent
Which made him like a Jack-a-Lent,
And Jones Ale is new,
And Jones Ale is new Boys,
And Jones Ale is new,
The Tinker he did ſettle,
Moſt like a man of mettle,
And bow'd to pawn his Kettle,
now mark what did enſue.
His Neighbors they flockt in apace.
To ſee Tom Tinkers comely face,
Where they drank ſoundly for a ſpace,
Whilſt Jones Ale, &c.
The Cobler and the Broom-man,
Came next in the room man,
And ſaid they would drink for boon man,
let each one take his due:
But when good liquor they found,
They caſt their caps upon the ground,
And to the Tinker he drank round:
Whilſt Jones Ale, &c.
The Rag man he being weary,
With the bundle he did carry,
He ſwore he would be merry,
and ſpend a ſhilling or two:
And he told his Hoſtis to her face,
The Chimney-corner was his place,
And he began drink apace,
And Jones Ale, &c.
The Pedler he drew nigher,
For it was his deſire,
To throw the Rags i'th fire,
and burn the bundle blew,
So whilſt they drank whole flaſhes,
And threw about the Glaſſes,
The rags were burnt to aſhes,
And Jones Ale, &c

The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

AND then came in a Hatter,
To ſee what was the matter,
He ſcorned to drink cold water,
amongſt that Jovial crew,
And like a man of courage ſtout,
He took the quart-pot by the ſhout,
And never left till all was out,
O Jones Ale, &c.

The Taylor being nimble,
With Bodkin, Shears, and Thimble,
He did no whit diſſemble,
I think his name was True,
He ſaid that he was like to choak,
And call'd to ſack for lap and ſmoak,
Until he had pawn'd his Vinegar Cloak
For Iones Ale, &c.

Then came a pittiful Porter,
Which often did reſort there,
Quoth he I'le ſhew ſome ſport here,
among'ſt this jovial crew,
The Porter he had very bad luck,
Before that it was ten a clock,
The fool got drunk and loſt his ſtock,
For Iones, &c.

The bony brave Shoo-maker,
A brave Tobacco-taker,
He ſcorned to be a Quaker,
I think his name was Hugh,
He called for liquor in ſo faſt,
Till he forgot his Awl and Laſt,
And up the reckoning he did caſt,
Whilſt Jones, &c.

And then came in the Weaver,
You never ſaw a braver,
With a Silk man and a Glover,
Tom Tinker for to brew,
And ſo to welcome him to Town,
They every man ſpent half a crown,
And ſo the drink went merrily down,
For Iones, &c.

Then came a drunken Dutchman,
And he would have a touch man,
But he ſoon took too much man,
which made them after rue;
He drank ſo long as I ſuppoſe,
Till greaſie drops fell from his noſe,
And like a beaſt befoul'd his hoſe,
Whilſt Iones, &c.

A Welchman he came next ſir,
With joy and ſorrow mixt ſir,
Who being partly vext ſir,
he out his dagger drew,
Cuts-plutter-a-nails, quoth Taffie than,
A Welchman is a Shentleman,
Come Pottis fill's the other Can,
For Jones, &c.

Thus like to men of courage ſtout,
Courageouſly they drank about,
Till ſuch time all the ale was out,
as I may ſay to you.
And when the buſineſs was done,
They every man departed home,
And promiſed Ione again to come,
when ſhe had brew'd anew.

FINIS.

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